The Passing of a People

There is nothing lovelier in its way than Loti's valley, pool and fall. You can make your way up the stream and stand where the water disperses in mist ere it reaches the ground, or you can climb up through the tropical woods, pick the wild roses and come after a scramble to the very lip of the fall. The wide serene sun-shot gulf opens at your feet. Behind, the great peak stands sentinel over hidden vales which perhaps no man has trod for a hundred years and no white man ever. It is very still, There may be a few small birds fluttering in the very steep of the dizzy leap and there may sail over the void the white tropic bird with its streaming tail feathers. But otherwise it is very still. Rarahu and her sisters have entered the great silence and of her race there is none to mourn.

We leave the valley of Fautaua and strike the main road again, a road which witnessed yet

another step towards the passing of the race. By an arrestingly interesting coincidence, in June 1891, Paul Gauguin, another great Frenchman— in yellow shoes, red cravat and immense green hat-band—landed in Tahiti. The French Republic had, at that date, appointed a negro governor,